

The Rising Tide.

Volume I.

INDEPENDENCE, BUCHANAN COUNTY, IOWA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1880.

Number 21

THE RISING TIDE.

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Sent by Mail, of every description, executed in the Latest Style of the Art.

Business Directory.

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288 SUPERIOR STREET, 288
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Has for sale the Complete Works of
THEODORE PARKER,
ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,
KARON D'OLIVIER,
REV. ROBERT TAYLOR,
ROBERT DALE OWEN,
HENRY C. WRIGHT,
THOMAS L. HARRIS,
And other Reformatory Books. A printed Catalogue sent to those wishing it.

MRS. H. M. DURHAM,
Shop on Main Street, in Allen's New
Block Building, on Second Floor,
NEAR THE BRIDGE.

Independence, Iowa.
Work done in the Latest style!
June 12, 1880.

AGENCY OF
Wheeler and Wilson's
Sewing Machines.
S. W. Corner of Main & 12th Streets,
DUBUQUE, IOWA.

Rooms at all times open for Ladies to
bring and become capable of judging whether
this is an object to purchase.
Machines warranted and furnished at Manufacturer's
rates. By C. H. WRIGHT, Agent.

C. H. WRIGHT,
SACK MANUFACTURER.
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W. J. GILBERT,
STATIONERY and STATIONERY of the Prolific Store
W. J. GILBERT,
MUSICAL PRESS, CO. CUTT BLANK BOOKS,
LITHO PRESS, ARTISTS' MATERIALS,
PAPER PRINTING, SHEET MUSIC and
FINE PRINTER, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
DUBUQUE, IOWA.

A cheerful person lives upon hope,
disappointing one upon fear; the one
enjoys, the other suffers, all things: the
life of the one is a scene of vigor and
accomplishment; that of the other, of
feebleness and defeat; the one makes
all around him happy; the other, mis-
erable; while one pleases God, and
honors religion and humanity, the other
offends all, injures all, and will at
length be cast off by all.—Lacan

YOUTH'S CORNER.

Youth is the spring time of life in which seeds
are sown for the harvest of Eternity.

God's Letter Carriers.

Little Eva's sweet face, were a very
thoughtful look, one bright morning
she stood with her dimpled chin resting
on the window sill. Her eyes were
out among the flowers; but her thoughts
were not there. They were far away,
among flowers that never fade, that
"yes-like hers, bright as they were, had
never seen."

"Mamma," she said at last, "what
do angels do? It can't take them all
day and every day to take care of God's
flowers."

"No, darling, the angels are God's
messengers."

"What is a messenger, mamma?"
"You are my little messenger some-
times. When you carried those oranges
to aunt Nina, for mamma, you
were her messenger. And when you
ran to papa's store to tell him grand-
mamma had come, you were her mes-
senger again."

"Are messengers always angels or
little girls, mamma?"

"No, dear, the mail bags are our
messengers."

"But, mamma, papa says that once
they didn't have any mail bags. What
did they do then?"

"There was no way then for the men
to be messengers."

"Do the angels carry God's letters,
mamma?"

"Yes, darling. But God does not
write his letters. He only tells them
to the angels, and they always remem-
ber."

"Where does he send them, mam-
ma?"

"To you, and me, and everybody."

"Why, mamma?" and Eva's blue
eyes were wide open, now, "I never
saw them."

"No, dear, you cannot see them, any
more than you can see the wind that
comes in at the window and blows on
your face."

"I never heard them tell their let-
ters, mamma," said Eva doubtfully.

"Did my little Eva never hear some-
thing speak to her when she was alone,
and was tempted to be naughty, and
disobey mamma, that she must obey
her parents or God would be displeased,
and mamma sorry?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Those are God's letters, love, and
the angels, his messengers, told them
to you."

"Oh, I am so glad!" and her eyes
sparkled with delight. "I shall take
good care of God's letters. But is
carrying letters all that angels do?"

"No, dear; but I must tell you the
rest some other time. Go now, and
tell Mary to bring baby to mamma."

"I'll be your little good messenger
now, mamma, and then perhaps I'll be
God's messenger some day." And a-
way she skipped, leaving tears in mam-
ma's eyes.—[Spir. Clarion.]

"Bobby, why don't you go home
and have your mother sew up that hole
in your trousers?"

"Oh! go along, old woman, our folks
are at the sewing circle, working for
the heathen."

"Precipitation ruins the best plans;
patience ripens the most difficult."

Original Poetry.

For the Rising Tide.

BEYOND THE TOMB.

BY G. SHEKWOOD, SENIOR.

Many good men reject all things that do not
come within the range of their five senses; and
hence many reject the idea of an existence be-
yond the grave, because they cannot compre-
hend the process by which it is accomplished.
On this ground we may even deny our present
existence for the present organization of the
animal creation does not come within the scope
of our knowledge, so far as the original cause
and process is concerned; and to carry out this
principle, the most palpable reality would sink
into mere fiction. Take, for instance:—

That ponderous globe of light and heat,
Suspended in the sky;
Round which his grand attendants
In perfect order fly.

Can mortal man search out the cause
That holds him in his power;
With millions more beyond him,
In fields of endless space?

The frequent strange phenomena
Which "testify of things unseen;
The Aurora Borealis
That glazes the northern skies;

The cause of which is yet unknown,
And light to our imagination
Altho' the subject has been made
The subject of many a Lecture.

The lightning's pain, its sudden power,
The sound it makes in nature
To burst around for every
To break the rolling tide.

Is made power is yet unknown,
And light to our imagination
Altho' the subject has been made
The subject of many a Lecture.

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The lightning's pain, its sudden power,
The sound it makes in nature
To burst around for every
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That she will meet her loved one,
In realms of endless rest!

Our brethren, the Red men, hope
That when this life is over
They'll live with the Great Spirit
Where troubles are no more;

In one Eternal Sabbath,
Where fruits immortal grow;
Where pain and death can never come,
Nature has taught them so!

*In the term food, I mean only the contrast
between the finite and the infinite.

Selected Miscellany.

Rev. Theodore Parker's Spirit.

Last Sunday forenoon the writer of
this was in the Swedenborgian church,
in this city, seated between a young la-
dy and her father. The latter request-
ed him to call the lady's attention to a
spirit, who was standing near the pul-
pit. She replied that she had seen the
spirit when she entered the church, and
saw him then in the place indicated by
her father. At the close of the service,
the writer requested the father to de-
scribe the spirit, and subsequently re-
peated the request of the daughter.
Without communicating with each other,
or either hearing the description
given by the other, for the daughter
was walking in advance with her moth-
er, their accounts nearly agreed, with this
difference, that the daughter's de-
scription was more minute than that
given by her father. The spirit ap-
peared like a venerable man with a
long, white beard, and was robed in
vestments of pure white. Both per-
ceived by his interior affections that
he was from a society to whom he was
communicating the truths revealed in
the Word concerning the Lord's body
and blood. Dr. Worcester preached
upon the subject. The young lady al-
so saw in the pulpit the spirit of the
late Rev. Theodore Parker standing
on the right side of the preacher, and
he appeared to listen with earnest at-
tention. She perceived by his condi-
tion, that when he entered the world
of spirits, though possessed of the life
of god and the good of god, yet he
was void of the faith of clarity, and
blind concerning the internal sense of
the Word. She also perceived that it
had been granted to him to learn the
internal sense of the Word, and with
that object in view he was present.

It may be proper to state that the
young lady who professes to have seen
these spirits, has had this seeing gift
from childhood. For many years she
supposed that every one saw spirits
like herself, but when she discovered
her mistake, she requested an explana-
tion from her father, who informed her
that she inherited the faculty from
himself. Like his daughter, he had
seen spirits all his life. Both are intel-
ligent, quiet people, who would shrink
from public notice, and who rarely
speak of their spiritual gifts to any but
their intimate friends. The young la-
dy says that she passes nearly two-
thirds of her time in the world of spir-
its, and that she can leave the body at
pleasure. She stands as it were, upon
the bridge that connects the natural
world with the world of spirits. Her
power of perceiving spirits is never
obscured, nor is she at any time in a
clairvoyant state, but at all times she
sees the spirits of the departed ming-
ling with the living, and influencing
them for good or evil. Neither the
writer, the father, nor the daughter are
members of the New Church, though
all frequently attend there.—[Boston
Traveller, July 3d.]

Genuine Religion.

How beautiful is that religion which
teaches me to love God above all
things, and my neighbor as myself!—
Religion is benevolence and benevo-
lence includes every virtue. The be-
nevolent can not be uncharitable, can
not be untruthful, can not be censori-
ous, can not be selfish; they love God
and their neighbors, and they do as
they would be done by. But who is
religious? who is benevolent? who is
at all times free from censoriousness,
from uncharitableness? None. No,
not one. The precepts taught us as
those on which "hang all the law and
the prophets," the love of God and the
love of thy neighbor, may be impress-
ed upon the heart and have the whole,
undivided assent of the understand-
ing; while the mind is in this state, the
individual is religious. But the cares
of the world and their jarring disson-
ances must at times occupy the thoughts,
and divert the mind from this whole-
some state. The passions which have
been cherished by bad education—the
indulgences that have become habitual
before the beauty of wisdom was per-
ceived by the thousand and ten thou-
sand occurrences which tempt the rich
to uncharitableness, and the poor to en-
vy and malice, all by turns, banish the
truth from the mind. This has led
men to the deserts and to the monas-
tery, to become hermits and monks;
forgetting that religion requires to do
as well as to suffer. Truth becomes
effective by frequent contemplation,
and the habitual recurrences of its pre-
cepts induce practice.—[Spirit Guardian.]

"She Works for a Living."

Commend us to a girl of whom it is
specially said "she works for a living."
In her we are always sure to find the
elements of a true woman—a real lady
—true, we are not prepared to see a
mining step—a haughty lip—a fash-
ionable dress—or hear a string of non-
sense about balls and young men—the
new novels and the next party—no, no;
we are prepared to hear words of
good sense—language becoming a woman,
and to witness movements that
would not disgrace an angel.

You who are looking for wives and
companions, turn from the fashionable,
lax, haughty girls, and select from any
of those who work for a living; and
never—our word for it—will you re-
gent your choice. You want a sub-
stantial friend, and not a doll; a help-
mate, and not a helpmeet; a counselor,
and not a simper. You may not be
able to carry a piano into your house,
but you can purchase a spinning wheel
or a set of knitting needles.

If you cannot purchase a new novel,
you may be able to take some valuable
paper. If you cannot buy a ticket to
the ball you can visit some afflicted
neighbor. Be careful where you look
for companions, and whom you choose.

We know many a foolish man, who
instead of choosing the industrious and
prudent woman for his wife, took one
from the fashionable walks, and is now
lamenting his folly in dust and ashes.
He ran into the fire with his eyes wide
open, and who but himself is to blame?

The time was when ladies went visit-
ing and took their work with them.
This is what we have much excellent
mothers. How singular would a lady

woman look in a fashionable circle
darning her father's stockings, card-
ing wool to spin? And yet just such
a woman would be a prize for some-
body.

Extraordinary Birth.

On Saturday night a Bohemian wo-
man, wife of Mr. Ferdinand Venuier,
residing on the North side, was deliv-
ered, by the aid of instruments, of two
twin female children, of full size, and
apparently healthy, but killed by the
means which were necessary to effect a
birth. The children were joined to-
gether completely, from the sternum to
the navel, and were face to face when
born.

The heads, arms, legs, feet, and bod-
ies, except where joined at the sternum,
are perfectly developed. There are
two hearts, but one pericardium com-
mon to both. The ribs of both are at-
tached to one breast bone. The outer
lobe of the lung of each infant is well
developed and full sized—the inner
lobes are in each false and imperfect.
The aorta and its branches are normal
and regular to the head and arms.—
The vena cava superior is natural, or of
the usual size of form, but the vena ca-
va inferior forms both hearts into one
trunk, running down to the abdomen.

There is but one Nephros, and that
common to both. Between the two
bodies is an enlarged double liver,
four inches long, which fills three-fifths
of the abdominal cavity. In the hypo-
condria of each fetus is found an im-
perfect liver—one about one-eighth,
and the other about one-fourth the size
of the enlarged liver, while between
these and the enlarged liver are the
stomachs. In one hypochondria the
spleen is double the usual size. Below
the umbilicus the intestines are per-
fect in each fetus, while there is but
one umbilical cord. It was the opin-
ion of the physicians, after an exam-
ination of the intestines and blood ves-
sels that this compound of humanity
could not have lived after birth, had it
been possible that it could have passed
partition alive. The father of this
double fetus consented that physicians
might take the bodies away with them
—but the mother, learning this, re-
fused and insisted that they should be bur-
ied beside eight other children, of
which she was the mother, and who
had all died in infancy. The infants
were accordingly left with their pa-
rents, and no doubt were buried on
Sunday.—[Chicago Democrat.]

Old Ways and Now.

We love to think of old Covenanters
worshipping under the broad arch of
heaven; their anthem the wild wind;
their pulpit the rock; their cushioned
pews the soft green sward; their heads
the untortured throats of ungrated lips.

What modern temple can compare
with it? Simple preaching, earnest
prayer, no bulletins sent up to the
Almighty with the news of the week.
Earliest listeners, and pure lives!—
Strong men and women with their heav-
enly birth-right of religious freedom,
head-banded and heart-clasped. Our
modern censer, looks flimsy beside the
rough old oak. Jagged points the lat-
ter might have had; but there was no

